

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN TENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1880.

VOL. XIV--NO. 34.

TERMS OF THE GAZETTE.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One year (52 issues) \$3; six months, \$1.50; three months, 80 cents.

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DYING OF STARVATION.

Mother and Daughter Fasting to Aton for Imaginary Sin—The Daughter Dead.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 22.—A mile north of the village of Phoenix lives Jos. Smith, an honest, industrious farmer. Not until about three years ago did Mr. Smith evince any particular

the particulars of a "harmless" delusion in which he and Mrs. Henrietta Pell, formerly Mrs. H. L. Helms, are connected.

The daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and who received \$10,000 at the Treasury Department in Washington. This is the balance of the salary which her father would have received had he lived to complete his Presidential term. Miss Taylor has been in poor circumstances for some years, and the bill authorizing the payment of the money was passed during the last session of Congress.

Nashville American: The State credit is so largely in the hands of the Legislature that we may almost count it settled that the only policy needed to secure Tennessee a future of great progress and prosperity, the settlement of the State debt, will be accomplished by all means.

It has it finally and forever out of the way. The Republicans and Democrats, who are for State credit are nearly all the Legislature. This is not a party question and it is so necessary that it be settled forever.

When she became so weak that she could not get on her knees, her mother informed her that prayer was just as effectual while sitting in a chair or lying in bed, and in this way it was continued until her physical strength was exhausted. There are several other children in the family, but none of these participated in the fast. Mr. Smith, although not fasting, interposed no objection to his daughter's abstinence. An investigation will be held, and it is found that Mr. and Mrs. Smith are insane, as it is supposed they will be sent to an asylum.

Sound Slumber.

Levinston (Mo.) Journal.

The night of the recent fire at North Turner Bridge, Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. Winship and cried: "Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is all on fire! hurry up!" He did so, dressed on the double quick, and with pails ran to the fire and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. When the fire had burned down he quietly went to bed. On Sunday morning he rubbed his eyes and said to his wife, "I feel dreadfully. I am lame and feel completely exhausted." "Well you may," said the wife, "after working so hard at the fire last night." "What do you mean?" said Mr. Winship. "Why, the Starbird house was burned last night and you worked like a hero, saving the other buildings." Mr. Winship looked dazed for a moment, then took his hat and looked over the premises and came back. "Well, Marcia, the buildings are surely gone, but I never would have believed even you, when you say that I went to that fire, if they were not gone. I don't know a thing about it." He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism without being awakened.

It requires but a short time for a lady out shopping to learn all the counterfeits of the dry goods trade.—(Oil City Derrick.)

A blind man climbed to the summit of Mount Blanc, recently. It was all blank to him, though.—(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

Old Bull left material for a book which is to be published.

A Proclamation.

At no period in their history since the United States became a nation has there been so abundant and so universal reasons for joy and gratitude at the favor of Almighty God, or been subject to so profound an obligation to give thanks for his loving kindness and humbly to implore his continued care and protection.

Health, wealth and prosperity throughout all our borders; peace, honor and friendship with all the world; firm and faithful adherence by the great body of our population to the principles of liberty and justice which have made our greatness as a nation, and to the wise institutions and strong frame of government and society which will perpetuate it—for all these is the thanks of a happy and united people, as with one voice, ascend in devout homage to the Giver of all Good.

I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgments to Almighty God for his bounties and his protection, and to offer to him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifth.

[Seal] R. B. HAYES.

percy the President.

Union Wm. M. Evans, Sec'y of State.

George Wheeler, the San Francisco

order of his sister-in-law, who said

that she submitted willingly to being

asked to die, maintaining a wonderful

whereupon. His wife visited him in

with him, and he offered to kiss her, but

she would not let him. "Do not," she

pleaded. He asked her what she had

in the air, if not to be friendly. "I

Wish you to tell me the truth," she re-

sponded, "how did you kill her? Don't

deceive me now. Tell me just how you

did it." "Do you want to know?" he

said, "carelessly." "Yes," she said, "but

what me before just now you say you

will tell me the truth." "I will," he

said, "I will tell you. Just hold my hat a

moment, will you?" Just hold my hat a

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Living in Quiet.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid being sick subjects for discussion. It mostly happens when people live much together, they have come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretchedness would be the pair, above all, doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

How Grant Went to West Point.

A Columbus (Ohio) letter to the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following entertaining story on the alleged authorship of that State, who says that Gen. Grant told him just before his first nomination for the Presidency. "When I was a boy," was a boy, "I lived in Georgetown, my mother ran out of butter one morning, and, needing some before it could be had at the store, she sent me over to the next-door neighbor to borrow some. Well, I was just as well acquainted there as I was at home almost, and opened the door and went in without knocking, and just as I was in one of the folds, the old gentleman, I believe, was reading a letter from a son who was in West Point. Well, I didn't want to disturb him while he was reading the letter, and stood there and heard what was read. Well, the son found—that is, he had failed to pass examination, and he would have to come home, and he had sent the letter one mail ahead, so that the surprise at his return might not be so great. I got the letter and took it home, and I told my father about it. The papers will make out next, that the soldiers who draw the pensions are in 'cabaret' with the rebels, and that the war was a put up job between them to get pensions."—Puck's Sun.

Last year there were 2,710 horse races, occupying in all 478 days. The value of the stakes was \$2,500,000. The winner of the Derby made \$35,000. The races lasted from February to November. Noblemen were the greatest participants. The trotting time for a mile was 2:12.1, October 25, 1879. St. Julian, at San Francisco.

Trus "best society" of San Francisco is said to have been established in 1840, and is now in any other city. In proof of this the News Letter says: "A lady was amazed, on presenting her card at a Taylor street house, to find it was the same as the card from her mother, and then returned her card, with the remark: 'My mother's orders are very strict, mum. Sorry can't admit you today, but we don't receive people twice in the same season.'"

Scene, parlor, student and lady friends.

(The ladies are great admirers of the opera singer, Miss C.) First lady— "Doesn't she dress beautifully?" Second lady— "Yes, Third lady— "And so modestly!" Student— "Yes, Third lady— "And so simply!" Student— "Yes, First lady— "By the way, how was she dressed?" Second lady— "In the most beautiful manner. The picture of a lady, and then with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked: 'They came out 'coz they were afraid of being killed.'"

"DARWIN is right," said an awkward youth. "The care moments which come to the young man who doesn't know what to do with his hands, when he longs to spin a top, or to be a monkey, and dangles at the old bipes in the front seats. Man has never really tasted the benefits of true freedom since he was a monkey."

LAST year young D— assiduously courted the daughter of a pharmacist, hoping to marry her. At that time when he spoke of his intended father-in-law, he always said, "That great old man, 'The Famous Chemist,' etc. Much to his disgust, young D— was refused by the pharmacist's daughter. And now, of course, he is a married man, and his father-in-law, he says, disdainfully, 'Ah, yes, that old hatter-gatherer.'"

Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downward on the road that leads to God. He calls us from above.

Useful Lines.

In an article on "Ideals of Feminine Uplift," in the *Portsmouth Review*, Edith Seixen considers the lives of those two philanthropic women, Dorothy Pattison (Sister Love) and Mary Carpenter. In the course of the article she touches upon a point which has probably occasioned not a little thought to all those interested in the "womanly sphere." The question is, "What is the difference between the two?"

She says: "We are tempted to ask whether this (happily elastic) theory of the 'womanly sphere' is in any way and in any degree the current of melancholy, common to the lives of two women as strong, as different and as successful as Dorothy Pattison and Mary Carpenter. Both were originally sane in body and mind, with well-proportioned, equally developed natures, free from any morbid leanings, and both found their way at last to the work for which they were supremely fitted. And yet, revered, adored and valued as the memory of each and the work of both must be, it is certain that most old-fashioned believers in the 'womanly sphere' will turn from the two memories with a compassionate sigh: 'Poor things! they would have been happier married and had a pack of children.' Clearly it is not uncommon that the Bristol ragamuffins should be reclaimed, and the jails of Bombay and Montreal reformed, than that one more non-conformist mother should have a screaming play wife; it is more important that as many as are sick or sorry in Staffordshire should have Dora for their sister than that one more happy (if not content) in brightening a single house. But the very question that we wish to raise is begged by this way of stating the alternative. It is not in sane human nature to feel permanent regret about things which are fully exclusive cannot be possessed together. Women, as well as men, can find genuine happiness in the 'best possible life'; they are not condemned by nature to spend strength in yearning after some impossible impossibility; and it may be that if our two sane and sensible heroines fall to find content in the best possibility open to themselves, the fault may not be with them, but in the arbitrary external limits of the possibility."

A Soft Answer.

One day at school Amy broke a pretty inkstand that belonged to her friend Clara. It was quite an accident, but Clara, who was very passionate, did not think so; and at first Amy was too much frightened to explain. After school Clara hurried away, and Amy was too frightened to rest without being forgiven. When she reached the door of Clara's house she found Clara waiting for her. Clara's first words showed she was very angry. "But when Amy said 'Dear Clara, I am so sorry,' and then she forgot her passion was all gone. She could not be angry any more with one who was so gentle. How true are the words, 'Be ye ready for the Son of Man cometh' (Luke xii. 40)."

Be not conformed to this world (Rom. xii. 2).

Be ye followers of God, as dear children (Eph. v. 1).

Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer (1 Pet. iv. 7).

Be kindly affectioned one to another (Rom. xii. 10).

Be content with such things as ye have (Heb. xii. 6).

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

REV. JOSEPH COOK dined with the young ladies of Binghamton College, and talked to them for an hour about the mistakes of college life.

An Idaho woman didn't faint when an Indian seized her, but she broke away, picked up a pitchfork, and he joined his tribe with two portholes in his lungs.

A New York letter says that only one man out of seven selects a hat that becomes him, and that's one reason why we are not a better looking nation.

The Kansas Commercial Indicator intimates that there is a growing demand for short-horn cattle in the far West, among the Texas, and Colorado ranchmen.

An Illinois girl with a breach of promise suit testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.

A zealous Boston paper has this fling: "About a year ago, when the average number that is annually detected in entertaining a barber under the delusion that he is a Russian saboteur."

It may pay to advertise medicines for cures on rocks, trees, and pasture fences, where animals can see the letters; but goods intended for human beings should be made familiar through the newspapers of the day.

MOTHER STEWART, the apostle of the women's temperance crusade in Ohio, has formed a "Women's Temperance Union of Ohio," with Mrs. Gov. Colquhoun as its President, and is working hard for her cause throughout the South.

SENATOR CONKLIN is said by a correspondent to be so much impressed with the value of time that he utilizes the moments in which the toilet demand attention by committing to memory some verses of poetry, so as to make away some men, or some fact he desires to have on call.

The Parisian says that a dandy is not merely a finely dressed puppet or an effeminate snob, but a man who is a supercilious amount of thought not only to the cut of his clothes, but also to his attitudes, the rapidity or slowness of his pronunciation and the style of his gestures.

"If I should meet the dastardly rebel that shot me," said a Boston war veteran, "drawing \$1,000 dollars in pension arrears," "he'd have to swallow a bottle of wine."—*Exchange*.

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